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HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

WE meet with numerous rules for the conduct of young newly-married women of all ranks; and if the world is not filled with good wives, it certainly is not because there is any want of matronly counsel for their guidance. But, though the happiness of the conjugal state depends at least as much upon the behaviour of the husband as on that of the wife, there has not, as far as we are aware, been hitherto promulgated any code of instructions for the use of the former. Our literature abounds with narrations which exhibit the dutifulness and affection of women to husbands unworthy of them, who repaid tenderness with brutality, nor relented till those whose every amiable feeling they ought to have cherished and rewarded with their love, either sank broken-hearted, or, grown desperate, became even more abandoned and profligate than themselves. The man is to blame in nine cases out of ten where an alliance proves unhappy. In the lower ranks especially, it is too often a want of prudence on his part that renders so many families wretched. *Of the multitudes of those who have wasted character, health, and means in intemperance, there is but a small proportion who might not have preserved respectability by listening to the admonitions of their wives.* Yet, with these numerous and undeniable facts before the world, no writer thinks of preventing such evils, by pointing out and enforcing the duties of the party from whose misconduct they chiefly spring. A small portion of our columns, therefore, will not be unprofitably bestowed on a subject of so much importance.

In order to secure the felicity of the married state, a husband must, in the first place, endeavour to secure the perfect confidence of his wife. He must banish every thing repulsive from his manner towards her, and live with her on such easy and friendly terms that she may never be discouraged from communicating with and consulting him on every affair, whether it be in the lesser or the greater concerns of life. If a wife do not find at home sympathy with her afflictions, cares, and anxieties, she will seek it abroad—she will detail her griefs to some acquaintance, to whom she will go for advice in matters of difficulty, and, perhaps, in matters of delicacy, which cannot properly be appreciated by a stranger, and, therefore, ought not to be entrusted to the ear of one. The happiness of the family will thus be made to depend in a great measure on a person not a member of it, who, whatever be her prudence, is not intimately interested in the preservation of its peace, and who is more likely to take a side and encourage feelings of animosity than to inculcate the duty of mutual forbearance.

The husband's duty must, therefore, be to establish in the mind of his partner an entire reliance on his affection, and a thorough persuasion that he is disposed, to the full amount of his power, to promote her comfort. Let him not think it beneath him to take an interest in her domestic arrangements; by showing that he does so, he will make her sensible that all her efforts to render home pleasing are not unappreciated; her labour for that end will be redoubled, and yet prove more light to her. As he must be abroad the greater part of the day, let him not deprive her of his company in the hours of leisure that business leaves him. A man cannot altogether seclude himself from the world in the bosom of his family; neither can he always carry his wife along with him; but he must not for a light reason allow himself to be detained from her society. A woman's hours are often lonely; and after she has bestowed her whole cares for a day to set her house in order,

and anxiously awaits her husband's return, in the hope of enjoying a few hours' mutually endearing converse by the cheerful hearth, if she have to watch every approaching footstep in vain, it is a cruel disappointment. One of the greatest sins which the husband can commit, is that of making a practice of staying out late at night, which, though not reckoned among the usual catalogue of crimes against social life, is one of the most worthy of reprobation. The mental anguish endured by many excellent wives from this infamous practice, no one can picture unless they have witnessed it. There, by the lonely hearth—the fire sunk to a cinder and a mass of ashes—the candle verging to its close in the socket—the dingy silent apartment strewn with the toys and furniture of the children, sent hours since to bed—there, in the midst of this domestic wilderness sits the drooping, desponding, almost broken-hearted wife, counting the hours, and conning over in her wearied mind the numbers of times she has been so deserted, and foreseeing the still greater misery which awaits her by such a course of profligacy in her husband. And for what, may we ask, has the master of the household thus deserted his home?—the company of hollow friends, idle acquaintances, perhaps drunkards or gamblers, whose witless jocularities forms the temptation to abandon a good name, fortune, worldly respectability, and self-esteem. None but the wife who has endured trials of this nature can properly understand the horrors resulting from such a life of folly and dissipation.

Every reader must be delighted with the beautiful excuse which, among others, Sir Thomas More makes why he did not publish his Utopia sooner. It shows us how important that great man considered an attentive performance of the minor duties of life to be. "Seeing that almost the whole of the day is devoted to business abroad, and the remainder of my time to domestic duties, there is none left for myself,—that is, for my studies. For, on returning home, I have to talk with my wife, prattle with my children, and converse with my servants. All which things I number among the duties of life; since, if a man would not be a stranger in his own house, he must, by every means in his power, strive to render himself agreeable to those companions of his life whom nature hath provided, chance thrown in his way, or that he has himself chosen."

The husband must not accustom himself to form resolutions, and, without previously consulting his wife, make a sudden declaration of his purposes, in the same way as he would casually mention to a neighbour a plan the execution of which he is just on the point of commencing. Even although such resolutions may be come to in a spirit of wisdom, to determine upon any measure without her participation argues a want of confidence in her affection and judgment, and cannot fail greatly to distress and discourage her. Granting that there are some matters of which the husband is the most competent judge, and that his wife cannot aid or improve his schemes, still she ought to be made acquainted with them, and the reasons for them, as far as possible; for it is only proper that the wife should be admitted to the satisfaction of knowing what is expected to produce advantage to her husband. As to what some write, that women are not fit to be entrusted with great affairs, it may have been true in the cases which gave occasion to the remark, where the object involved a course of crooked policy, or where the ear to which the secret was committed was that of a female from whom fidelity was scarcely in any case to be expected. If a man's designs be bad, the best way for success in them is to make the

disclosure to nobody—least of all to women, to whom, if they be depraved, how can he trust? And, if they be not thoroughly hardened in wickedness, how much less can he trust to them, seeing that, being of much tenderer consciences than men, they are always more ready to relent! But if he would make his way in the world by fair and honest practices, a husband can have no better counsellor than his wife: her stretch of understanding may not be so masculine as to embrace the subject in all its more important bearings, but, in the lesser details of management, her advice may prove invaluable.

Without a constant and unreserved interchange of sentiments, a constant and perfect cordiality cannot be maintained; and then, indeed, when things are communicated only by fits and starts, and perhaps never more than half explained, leaving an impression that her discretion is distrusted, the wife will be more apt to carry them abroad, to endeavour, by the help of other wits than her own, to penetrate what is concealed, and in the hope of finding, in the sympathy of others, consolation for the want of confidence with which she is treated at home. It is thus that a man becomes by degrees "a stranger in his own house." His domestic behaviour is observed with the same distant caution with which his conduct in public is scrutinized; and, as in all likelihood he does not take the same pains to produce a favourable impression, and is not equally on his guard to obviate misinterpretations of what he says and does, he must appear proportionably less amiable; and, as the endearments of domestic life are in consequence withdrawn, the bad effects of his own unsocial humour are at last felt in his own discomfort.

"Those that are curious observers of mankind," says a Christian philosopher, who is not so generally known as might be expected, from the excellence of his writings, "love to consider them in the most familiar lights. When men are abroad, they choose to appear (whatever they really are) to the best advantage; but at home, their minds, as well as their persons, are in a perfect undress and dishevelled. The world is the great theatre on which they act a part; but behind the scenes they may be seen in their proper persons, without any studied appearances. Our domestic behaviour is, therefore, the main test of our virtue and good nature. In public, we may carry a fair outside; our love may be not without dissimulation, nor our hatred without disguise; but at home, nature, left to itself, shows its true and genuine face, with an unreserved openness, and all the soul stands forth to view, without any veil thrown over it. There we see men in all the little and minute circumstances of life, which, however they may be overlooked by common observers, yet give a man of discernment a truer opening into a man's real character than the more glaring and important transactions of it; because, as to these, they are more upon their guard—they act with more of caution and of art than of plain simple nature. In short, our good or ill breeding is chiefly seen abroad, our good or ill nature at home. It were to be wished that we had more family pieces preserved and transmitted down to us. The good public magistrate is of use to few only; but the prudent and affectionate father of a family is of a more general and extensive influence. For my part, I more admire Cornelius, the centurion, for that short sketch of his character, viz., that he was a devout man, and one that feared God, *with all his house*, than if he had been represented as the most victorious general that had enlarged the bounds of the Roman empire; for we learn from it this useful lesson—that the influence of a pious ex-

ample, like the precious ointment from Aaron's beard, descends downwards from the head of the family, diffuses itself over the main body till it reaches the very skirts—the lowest members of it."

SCOTTISH DUKES.

ATHOLL.

A NOBLEMAN of great estates, and formerly of great feudal influence, in the Highlands. The peerage is not ancient in the present family (Murray). Till the reign of Queen Mary, the ancestors of the present duke were only the undistinguished lairds of Tullibardine, an estate in the lower part of Perthshire. The Tullibardine of that day was a zealous reformer, and is noted for having challenged Bothwell to single combat at Carberry, in order to save further dispute. Bothwell refused, on the plea of his antagonist's inferiority of rank: *tempora mutantur*. He seems to have been drawn into historical and political importance, in some measure, through his sister Annapel, who married the Earl of Mar, afterwards regent, and was the governess of the infant James VI. Sir John Murray, of Tullibardine, the nephew of good Countess Annapel, was brought up with James, who, through mere youthful friendship, raised him to the peerage, under the title of Lord Murray, of Tullibardine (1604), and afterwards (1606) elevated him to the rank of Earl of Tullibardine. The son of this peer, in 1629, obtained the ancient title of Earl of Atholl, through his wife, Lady Dorothea Stewart, in whose father it had become extinct. He was a zealous royalist, as was his son, the second earl, who, in 1676, was elevated to the rank of marquis. This personage added greatly to the power of his family by marrying Lady Amelia Sophia Stanley, daughter to the royalist Earl of Derby, who, through her mother, Charlotte de la Tremouille, was related to most of the principal families of Europe. Through the Marchioness Amelia, the family acquired the seignory of Man, and large property in that island. Notwithstanding the conspicuous loyalty of the Marquis of Atholl in the two last reigns of the Stuarts, it is said that he would have willingly joined the Prince of Orange, if he could have obtained any preferment under the new government. William, though related to the Marchioness, did not receive him warmly, and he accordingly spent the rest of his life in the Jacobite opposition. His son, John, second Marquis, was able to render himself more acceptable to King William, by whom he was created a peer in his father's lifetime, and appointed one of the secretaries of state for Scotland. In July, 1704, immediately after his father's death, the marquise was exchanged by Queen Anne for the present dukedom. Some unfortunate circumstances afterwards threw him into the opposition, and so zealous was he against the Union, that he put 6000 Highland followers into motion to oppose it. His eldest son, styled Earl of Tullibardine, appeared in both of the Scottish rebellions, for which he was forfeited. The second son, however, succeeded to the titles. A still younger brother, Lord George Murray, was Prince Charles's generalissimo in the last of those extraordinary movements. By a rather curious arrangement, the son of this gentleman, though attainted in blood, having married the daughter and heiress of his uncle, was allowed to take up the titles, which he transmitted to his son, the lately deceased duke, whose son now enjoys them.

HUMAN HAIR.

THE human form, when well proportioned, has ever been regarded as a model of the most exquisite symmetry and grace, whether contemplated in the joyous season of infancy, in the years of maturer and sterner manhood, or in the decline of life, when age has enfeebled the limbs, bent the body, and thrown its silver about the brow. No sooner does the mind become animated by any interesting or lofty emotion, than the features of the human countenance become lighted up, and beam with the beauty of expression; and this having been universally acknowledged, philosophers have busied themselves in estimating the forms and proportions of the features, with the view of explaining the secret of their influence. The line of the nose, the elevation or depression of the eyebrow, the contraction or expansion of the cheek, the colour of the eye, the parting smile of the lips,—have all been duly estimated; but, in addition to the importance attached to their several proportions, we cannot fail to observe here how much more effective and beautiful the expression of the whole countenance and figure is rendered by the addition of the hair. Poets and painters, who generally keep their attention steadily fixed on nature, have not failed to observe this;—hence Spencer, describing the beauty of a bride, speaks of,—

Her long loose yellow locks, like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl.

So, too, Milton, by introducing the same feature, gives peculiar effect to his description of our first parents:—

His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule; and luscious locks,
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad;
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist,
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection.

By this description, the expression of the whole figure is rendered infinitely more effective than it otherwise could have been; and so likewise the poet Ariosto, by introducing the same feature, adds a character, and, as it were, an additional shade to the grief of Angelica. "She stood on the desert shore stupid and immovable; her hair was loose and disordered; her hands were joined, and, with unmoving lips, she raised her languid eyes to Heaven." We likewise find in Sir Walter Scott, that as the beauty of Rebecca is enhanced by his description of the "profusion of her sable tresses, which, each arranged in its own little spiral of twisted curls, fell down upon as much of a lovely neck and bosom as a cimarrone of the richest Persian silk, exhibiting flowers in their natural colours, embossed on purple ground, permitted to be visible;" so the anguish of the poor Jew in his dungeon cell, surrounded with chains and shackles, is aggravated, and his picture brought more effectively before us, when we read, that in a state of passive resistance, and with his garments collected beneath him to keep his limbs from the wet pavement, "he sat in one corner of his dungeon, where his folded hands, his dishevelled hair and beard, his furred cloak and high cap, seen by the wiry and broken light, would have afforded a study for Rembrandt." Since the hair, whether braided or dishevelled, adds so much to the character of the human figure, we need not wonder that peculiar fashions and customs respecting it have prevailed among all nations. The Heathen priestesses, when under the influence of what they conceived inspiration, wore their hair dishevelled; for which reason St. Paul forbade the Corinthian women, when at devotion, to wear it in this manner. Hence, in the earlier ages of Christianity, when its divine doctrines were struggling through the darkness, the clergy, both secular and regular, were obliged to have the crown of the head shaved, as a signal of self-denial and mortification. The popes, indeed, denounced long hair, and Anselm, the Archbishop of Canterbury, pronounced the sentence of excommunication on those who were guilty of so heathenish a fashion. Serlo, a Norman bishop, acquired great honour for a sermon he preached before Henry I. in the year 1104, on this subject, which had such an effect on the king and his courtiers, that they immediately consented to cut away their flowing ringlets. The Jewish and Grecian women generally wore the hair long, and ornamented with gold, silver, and pearls. The Roman women dressed their hair in the form of a helmet, mixing false hair with it, which they contrived to fasten to the skin. They anointed it with rich perfumes, and, by the aid of curling irons, raised it to a great height by rows or stories of curls. They, too, adorned their hair with gold, pearls, and precious stones, sometimes with crowns or garlands, chaplets of flowers bound with fillets, or ribbons of various colours. They used a certain plaister to pull off the small hairs from their cheeks, or plucked them up by the roots with tweezers, called *colletta*. Among the ancient Gauls, long hair was esteemed an ornament, hence Julius Cæsar, having subdued them, made them, in token of submission, cut off their hair. Among the Anglo-Saxons and Danes, young ladies before marriage wore their hair uncovered and untied; but after marriage, they cut it short, tied it up, and wore head-dresses of various fashions. Amongst the Greeks, both sexes, a few days before marriage, cut off and consecrated their hair to some peculiar deity. It was customary also to hang the hair of the dead on the doors of their houses previous to interment. The ancients imagined that no person could die until a lock of hair had been cut away—an act supposed to be performed by the invisible hand of Isis, and consecrated to the god into whose realm the soul departed.

Having premised this brief account of some of the more remarkable prejudices that have been entertained concerning the human hair, we shall explain its structure, which is very simple, and may be easily understood. Every individual hair may be regarded as a tube which terminates in a root or bulb. This root or bulb is situated below the skin, and consists of two coverings, an external and an internal. The external exhibit a vast number of blood-vessels, which supply nourishment, and probably secrete the colouring matter of the hair. The internal is a simple membrane, within the other. It is hollow, and rises into the tube, which perforates the skin, and appears as the true hair externally. The tube arising from this bulb is filled with a soft matter, called the *medulla* or *pith* of the hair, and contains numerous vessels. In passing from the root or bulb through the skin, it often raises up small scales of the cuticle, which soon become dry and fall off, as almost every person, in brushing the hair, must have observed. Every hair, therefore, consists of an outer sheath, which embraces the internal substance, or *pith*, in the same way as the finger of a glove covers the

finger—the end terminating below the skin in the bulb or root. This sheath, which we feel in touching the hair, consists of several very fine filaments, which are laid together longitudinally. They are of unequal lengths; and, the centre one being the longest, every hair is pointed at the end. Besides this, when laid together, they are found to possess many small eminences; whence, if we draw a hair between our fingers, from the root to the end, it will feel smooth and even; but if we reverse it, and draw it from the point to the root, the hair will feel distinctly rough to the touch. For this reason, cloths made of wool irritate the skin; and wool is so difficult to spin that these eminences require to be previously overcome by the aid of oil. On this structure of hair, the operation of felting depends, in which the hairs are pressed down in different directions, and become so interwoven, as to form a continuous mass. Such is the felt, of which hats are made. Curled hairs entwine themselves more closely than those which are straight, though flexible; as they do not, like them, recede from the point of pressure in a straight line. Hence, hatters adopt various methods to produce curl in the short furs of the rabbit, hare, and mole. The colour of the hair is next to be considered.

Already we have explained, that the hair, like a tube, contains a pulpy matter, through which vessels are distributed; and the probability is, that by these blood-vessels the oily colouring matter of the hair is secreted. The human hair is generally either black, brown, auburn, yellow, flaxen, or red; in addition to which, there is a white variety, which characterizes the race of people known as Albinoes. Black hair prevails most in the northern regions of Europe and Asia; but the fact is, that the brown, auburn, yellow, and red varieties, so often seem to arise out of the black, that neither can be sufficiently well localized. The Jews, like the Arabs, are generally a black-haired race; but are often seen with light hair and beards, and blue eyes. In some towns in Germany, red beards are considered characteristic of Jews. Among the ancient Egyptians, the red variety seems to have existed; but light brown hair has been found in Egyptian mummies. Black hair was by the Hebrews regarded as an emblem of beauty and vigour; and white has often been termed the "colour of defect," the reason of which is allied to the cause of that appearance. Already we understand, that the colouring matter of the hair is secreted by the blood-vessels; and it is evident, therefore, that when this secretion is interrupted, it will cease to be deposited. Hence, its absence is generally a sign of debility. Horses with white feet are thought to be tender, and more susceptible of disease, than those of a more uniform dark colour. The hoariness of age, is likewise, from this want of secretion, connected with a defect of vigour. When the mind is agitated by any violent emotion, these vessels often suspend their functions, and the hair becomes very quickly grey. This happened to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, the Queen of France. "I was struck," says Madame de Campan, her attendant, "with the astonishing change misfortune had wrought upon her feature. Her whole head of hair had turned almost white, during her transit from Varennes to Paris." It also occurred to the unhappy Queen Mary. Her historian, describing her execution, says—"With calm but undaunted fortitude, she laid her neck upon the block; and while one executioner held her hands, the other, at the second stroke, cut off her head, which, falling out of its attire, discovered her hair, already grown quite gray with cares and sorrows." Lord Byron, aware of this circumstance, makes Manfred exclaim, in the bitterness of his agony and remorse—

To be thus
Gray hair'd with anguish, like these blasted pines,
Wrecks of a single winter.

Every person, too, will remember the beautiful opening lines to the *Prisoner of Chillon*. When the blood-vessels which supply nutriment to the bulb of the hair cease to do so, the hair necessarily falls off, which generally happens during the period of weakness succeeding to a protracted illness, and not unfrequently from some local cause. Sometimes it falls off irregularly and indiscriminately, producing a general thinness of hair; sometimes it falls off in patches from parts of the skin, and sometimes the disease is universal, and not a hair remains on any part of the body. The Chevalier d'Eperney, after assiduous application for the space of four months, without any previous illness, lost his beard, eyebrows, eyelashes, and all the hair of his head and body. Lavater relates the case of a person, who, after a violent mental commotion, became blind with the right eye; and the hair of that side of the body lost its colour, and fell from the eyebrows, eyelashes, and head. The Romans estimated slaves at a low price, from whom the hair came easily away; and baldness was reckoned such a deformity among them, that, of all the honours decreed to Cæsar, none was more acceptable than that which was allowed him by the senate, of always wearing a laurel crown, which concealed this defect.

Some kinds of diet are said to produce baldness; hence it is reported to be more frequent in those islands where the inhabitants live much on fish. In the Shetland islands, so common was baldness formerly that it was a familiar saying, that "there was not a hair between them and Heaven." Tournefort relates also, that, in the island of Mycene, "the children are bald, or seldom arrive at the age of twenty without becoming so;"

and, although difficult to assign a reason for it, baldness is more common in Brighton than in many towns. The esteem in which a fine head of hair is held by the fortunate possessor, in this country at present, is not a whit less than it was formerly among the Anglo-Saxons; in illustration of which we may remark, that Dr. Reid, of London, a few summers ago, was attending a lady afflicted with typhus fever. She was yet sensible, when he informed her that he had no resource left excepting that of ordering her head to be shaved, whereupon she immediately replied, that to that she would never consent; she felt resigned, and would "leave it to Providence." Such being the case, our fair readers will certainly not excuse us from briefly stating the remedies devised by medical men to prevent the hair growing thin, or falling away. As this happens from a defect of the actions of the vessels about the bulb of the hair, the object is, in such cases, to restore their action. This is done by stimulating them either by the application of volatile oils, camphor, turpentine, and resins, or by astringent solutions of alum, earth, or green vitriol; or by friction, no matter whether with the fat of the mole, snail, hedgehog, or bear. But sometimes, instead of from a want of action, the hair falls away from a preternatural action of the vessels, or an inflammation about the roots of the hair, in which case local depletions, leeches, purgatives, and low diet, must be had recourse to. The diseases to which the skin of the head is liable, are so numerous, that all persons should guard against them by the strictest cleanliness. The Poles, who are accustomed to wear the hair very long, are, from want of cleanliness, subject to a dreadful disease, known by the name of the Polish plait, or *Plica polonica*. It prevails principally among the lower classes, in whom the hair becomes matted together, so that it is impossible to comb it out, and bleeds when it is cut. The hair, too, sometimes, though very rarely, becomes painfully sensitive. Baron Larrey attests a case which occurred in the hospital of the Royal Guards, at Paris. A private soldier, having received a violent kick on the back of the head from a horse, was afflicted with extreme cerebral excitement, and the sensibility acquired by the hairs was so great, that they could not be touched without aggravating considerably his sufferings. Hair is found upon all parts of the body; but instances are recorded of its having occurred in places where it could never have been anticipated. Luitanus mentions a person who had hair upon his tongue. Pliny and Valerius Maximus concur, that the hair of Aristomenes was hairy. Schulterus, that hair is often found in the blood of those affected with Polish plait. It has been found in abscesses between the muscles, and most frequently in the breasts of women. Hair does not readily undergo decomposition; so that it will be found little altered in a coffin long after interment. When the coffin of Charles I. was opened, which was done in the year 1813, Sir Henry Hallford informs us that "the hair was thick at the back part of the head, and, in appearance, nearly black. A portion of it, which has been some time cleaned and dried, is of a beautiful brown colour. That of the beard was a redder brown. On the back part of the head it was not more than an inch in length, and had probably been cut so short for the convenience of the executioner, or, perhaps, by the piety of friends soon after death, in order to furnish memorials of the unhappy king."

In life, assuredly, the kindest thoughts and feelings are associated often with the hair; nor could Selim, addressing his beloved bride of Abydos, say any thing more affectionate than—

I would not wrong the tenderest hair,
That clusters round thy forehead fair,
For all the treasures buried far,
Within the caves of Istakhar.

As a ringlet of hair has already been regarded as the most appropriate symbol of love, so, assuredly, no relic can be preserved after death, more touching to the affections. Every association connected with it, must breathe of pure and holy affection. It is laid upon the bosom, to be there cherished as the last and the only remains on earth, of the being whom, perhaps, we most adored. How many of such memorials are worn in secret, and call forth heavy sighs, when there is none to overhear!

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.—A TALE.

IN the Atlantic ocean, near the eastern coast of New Hampshire, is situated a cluster of islands, called the Isles of Shoals. In the autumn of 1780, a small sloop was seen approaching one of these islands. It would have been a hazardous navigation for an unskilful seaman, for the rocks rose high, projecting far into the sea, and presented a thousand angles on every side. Yet the sloop moved majestically along, now riding on the billows, and now enveloped in their folds, and at every turn showing its white sail over the rocks. At length it moved round the point, and entered a little sandy cove, where a rude wharf had been constructed. Just on the edge of the beach were scattered a few miserable looking huts; some of them seemed but little more than a pile of stones, and lay half buried beneath the ridges of sand, which the winds and waves were continually throwing up. Behind this settlement, if it deserved the name, extended rows of dismal-looking fish-flakes, giving a still more barren appearance to the prospect, and tainting the air with their effluvia. It was

towards night when the sloop anchored at the wharf. It was so uncommon for any but their own little fishing-boats to make for the cove, that an unusual excitement prevailed among the inhabitants. Men with torn red baize jackets and check shirts, women with tattered petticoats and slipshod shoes, and barefooted children with scarcely any clothing, collected in a group, to discover the cause of this unusual visit. After waiting some time without being able to make any discoveries, one or two of the men approached the sloop with the intention of boarding her. A man immediately made his appearance on deck; his look was fierce and commanding, and he wore pistols in a leathern belt, that was buckled round his short jacket. He stood in an attitude of defiance, and asked the men what they wanted. "We did not know," replied they, in a surly tone, "but you might be after a cargo of fish." He made no other answer than by lengthening the rope which fastened the sloop to the wharf, and it floated to a distance that precluded any attempt to come on board. There was a marked contempt in this action that roused the indignation of the spectators. "Cheer him, my boys!" said one of the men; and the little urchins threw up their tattered hats and red caps, and huzzaed and shouted; and even the fair sex, to their shame be it spoken, joined in the chorus, which, it must be confessed, had nothing of the female cadence but its shrillness. After a few coarse jests and additional shouts, the attack ceased from want of opposition, and the miniature mob dispersed. Though the vessel remained at the wharf several days, no new curiosity was excited. It had been a passing impulse, and was not supplied by that fuel which imagination successfully employs.—There seemed to be but three occupants of the sloop; two who were evidently subordinate, and one man in the vigour of life, and evidently used to command.

In all degrees and classes of life, nature selects her favourite; even on this desolate spot, there was one building, that apparently promised better for its inhabitants than any of the others. The stones, that composed the walls of the house, were well fitted and arranged, and a tolerably neat wood pile promised comfort for the approaching winter. It was at the door of this house, late one night, that a violent knocking was heard. The owner of it, John Boland, arose and opened it.

"What do you want?" said he, "can't you settle your own quarrels, without coming to disturb quiet, well-behaved people?"

"For God's sake, come to our assistance," said the man; "don't stop to ask questions, or it will be too late." The voice of distress cannot be mistaken. John hurried on his clothes, and, accompanied by his wife and daughter, a girl of about fifteen (for the females of the Shoals did not dread the night air), they all followed the stranger; the women often stopping to recover a shoe they had dropped in the sand. When they reached the sloop, their entrance was no longer opposed; they made their way to the miserable hole dignified by the name of cabin. In a narrow berth, lay a young and delicate woman, apparently dying. The man, who had before resisted any intrusion, hung over her with a fixed and anxious countenance.

"We can do no good to her," said John; "she is dying."

"What do you mean by that, John Boland?" said his wife, coming forward; "if she is dying, it is for want of air; if she had as many lives as a cat, it is enough to stifle her. Let us take her to our house."

No one made any opposition, and the lady was wrapt in her bed clothes, and conveyed to her new residence. Both Mrs. Boland and her daughter Susan fully justified Ledyard's testimony to the humanity of woman; for, though they had none of that peculiar gentleness which belongs to the sex, they were active in kind services.

In a short time the lady began to revive, but she was too feeble for utterance, though her eyes followed with intense anxiety every movement of her companion, who left the vessel and remained with her. He announced himself by the name of Maitland. There was no one on the spot capable of observing the nice gradations of feeling which either of the parties might have discovered; but, as the lady grew better, she had long private conversations with the gentleman, and frequently an agitation, which increased her disorder, was the consequence. At length he informed Mr. and Mrs. Boland that it was absolutely necessary for him to pursue his voyage—that he had only put in at the island on account of the indisposition of his wife—that she was still wholly unable to go on board—and that there was no alternative but to leave her under their care for a month. They willingly consented. Every article that might conduce to her comfort was brought from the sloop, and the mariners once more set sail. Whatever had been the struggles of Maitland and his wife (whom he called Adela), at parting, and whatever was the grief she might feel, it was expressed to no one; nobody had witnessed their interviews, nor was it apparent that she had objected to his leaving her; yet it seemed as if an increase of sorrow weighed down her spirits after his departure. It might be that the solitude in which she found herself, and the perfect uncongeniality of every thing around her, were more than her mind could support. The sea air, however, and the regularity of her mode of life, promoted her recovery, and she every day gained health. She soon became able to walk out, and found Susan not an unpleasant companion, who

could scale the highest rocks, and assisted Adela to walk with more security. For the first three weeks the lady appeared tranquil; but, when the fourth arrived, it was evident her mind was suffering under the greatest anxiety. She repeatedly questioned John, "Did he tell you it might be a month?" But even the month expired, and he did not arrive. She thought of the delays of a sea voyage, of possible detentions, and she reasoned herself into a momentary tranquillity; but this could not last. Frequently, when the moon shone bright, and the people of the house believed her asleep, she seated herself at the window that looked on the little cove, and gazed on the ocean. In the indistinctness of the moonlight prospect, sometimes she imagined she beheld figures at a distance; and then by their fixture discovered them to be merely projecting angles of the rocks. Then, again, a white sail appeared to be approaching the shore; but, alas! it came no nearer. Often morning dawned upon her sleepless eyes, and with the light of day came new hopes. "He will certainly be here before night," thought she; and in this hope would quit the house while all were still, and wander by the sea and among the rocks. The scene was often a glorious one; the sun, just rising above the horizon, cast his broad red beam upon the ocean, which sparkled with a thousand colours. But such scenes brought no peace to her heart. "What am I," she would exclaim, "in this vast universe? Who cares for me, or will take thought of me? I might plunge into the ocean, and pass away unnoticed and forgotten like the sea-weed."

It would be wearisome to trace the emotions of this desolate being, as, hour after hour, and week after week, she gazed upon the ocean. Though many a sail rode proudly by, and sometimes, in tacking and veering, appeared making for the island, yet the beating of her heart was succeeded by the sickness of disappointment, for the keel rapidly cut the waters, and was soon lost in the distance.

In this agitating and exhausting state of mind, November passed away, and December came on with all the rigours of winter. There is no desolation like that of the affections; it palsies youth and destroys hope. He who can lay his finger on one spot in the globe, and say, it is mine, has still something to love, to cling to; for there may cluster the sympathies of nature and the "endearing charities of life." But Adela felt that she had no such strong hold; and it was in vain that her kind though ignorant companions often tried to cheer her by pleasant anticipations.

It was after many gloomy weeks that, with the view of amusing her, John one day called to her to come out to the point and see a ship that was coming on in full sail. There is an exhilaration in the bright sun and the blue sky of a frosty morning. Adela felt it, as she stood and gazed at the swelling sails and the rapid movement of the vessel, as her keel divided the waters. All was brilliant and sparkling; the waves seemed rejoicing like living beings, as they dashed against its sides. As she gazed upon the ship, moving proudly and majestically along, with its tall masts and snowy sails marking the swift progress, to her it appeared like a creature of life and happiness exulting in its glory—the ocean, the wild and tumultuous ocean, ministering to its will, and the winds and waves subservient to its power. She gazed after it, as it proudly continued to divide the waters of the Atlantic, till it seemed like a speck upon the horizon. She was awakened from her reverie by the chillness of her feelings, and a sudden change in the atmosphere. The sky became darkened, the sea-birds wheeled to and fro, and seemed uncertain which way to steer their course; before she reached the house, flakes of snow fell at intervals, and all betokened one of those sudden storms to which our climate is subject. John gave it as his opinion, that the fine morning was a "weather breeder." The storm increased rapidly, the waves beat their natural limits, and rose high upon the island. The wind drove tempests of sleet and hail before it, and howled and shrieked in its fury. Adela thought of the noble vessel, and remembered how omnipotent she had believed it a few hours before; and she said to herself, "God help them, for no human being can!"

Night came on with tremendous darkness, and now, at intervals, they plainly distinguished minute guns. The men collected with torches of pitch and tar, and distributed themselves on the rocks; and the women, unrestrained by form, and guided only by their own impulses, were not less active. They supposed the vessel was dismasted and driven about by the fury of the elements, as the sound of the guns often changed its direction. It approached nearer and nearer. "It will be certain death," said one of the men, "if they can't keep off from the eastern breakers." At that moment, it was evident the vessel had struck. Shrieks were heard mingling with the gale, and the crash was even louder than the billows. One hope remained, that the men had cut the boat from the stern, and their lives might yet be saved. This was the case; they had succeeded in getting into the boat, and, in the darkness and tempest, had reached a ledge of rocks connected with the island; but their situation was still desperate; heavy seas broke over it, and there seemed but a short respite from death. One after another were swept into the ocean from which they had just escaped, yet a few still clung to the ledge; but the rocks rose perpendicular above it, and presented no possibility of retreat. The people above discerned, by their torches, the situation of

these unfortunate men. It was a long while before they could afford them any assistance; but, by lowering torches and shouting, they at length made them comprehend that their situation was known; and finally succeeded in throwing ropes, which the men fastened round them. Of the fifteen who had taken to the boat, three were saved!

It proved to be the same ship that had passed in the morning with a fair wind; but a sudden squall came up, and in a short time increased to a hurricane, with constant rain and hail; she was driven back with fury, and at night had lost so much of her rigging as to be totally unmanageable, and had struck upon the breakers.

Such was the melancholy account given by the three men whose lives had been so wonderfully preserved; two of them belonged to the crew, and one was a passenger. Adela learned from inquiry, that this last was a man rather advanced in life, and unused to struggle with hardship.

Some days elapsed before the shipwrecked passenger was able to walk abroad. He had been sheltered in one of the miserable fishing-huts, and Adela had kindly contributed from her superior stock of comforts to his wants.

He learned from the inhabitants the little they knew of the lady, yet it seemed sufficient to rouse all his interest, and, as soon as he was able, he requested to see her. She would gladly have excused herself, but there was no evading the request. The moment the stranger entered the room, she gave a loud shriek, and covered her face—it was her uncle! He who had supplied the place of a father, who had adopted her while she was almost an infant, and watched over her with unceasing tenderness. Her parents had left her to his protection, and, in the affection and caresses of the little girl, he had felt none of the weary void of a single life. Adela was petted and introduced into company, while she was yet a child; and the domestics, and even visitors, soon discovered that the way to the uncle's heart was through the child's favour. At the head of his table, she felt fully adequate to the direction of her own conduct, and for many years she apparently justified his confidence. She was frank, amiable, and affectionate. The fortune that she inherited from her parents was small, but by judicious management had been nearly doubled; but this was of little account: for Mr. Leslie, her uncle, was wealthy, and no one doubted that Adela would be his heir. Probably this circumstance might have attracted some of her lovers. The young lady, however, shewed no disposition to encourage any of them; and sometimes, when her satisfied uncle pleasantly said, "Why, Adela, I believe you are going to be an old maid," she would reply—"To be sure I am, uncle; for who is so fit a companion for an old bachelor?"

It was at this crisis that a young man, who was a native of Great Britain, but who had passed the greater part of his life in the East Indies, arrived at the city. He brought letters from respectable mercantile houses, which established his claims upon fashionable society. He became a frequent visitor at Mr. Leslie's, and every one, but the uncle, perceived his object, and the probability of success. It was not till it was too late to recall them, that he discovered that Adela's affections were engaged. It was a heavy blow to his hopes and plans; but still more so, when he learned that the young man was dissipated in his habits, and justly suspected of a fondness for play. It was in vain that he now represented to Adela the suspicions that rested on his character; with the favourite motto of inexperienced, headstrong young ladies in her mouth, that "she had rather be miserable with him than without him," she adopted the resolution of marrying him. Mr. Leslie found it was too late to impose restraint, where discipline had never been exerted; as a last effort of kindness, he advised her to secure the principal of her own little fortune to herself. But Adela spurned the idea of such selfish, calculating prudence, and answered him with another celebrated quotation, as judicious as the former, "that where she could trust herself, she could trust her fortune." Unwillingly he resigned it into her hands, and they parted. Adela shed tears at what she called the hard-heartedness and unkindness of her uncle; and became the wife of Maitland in the full zeal of confiding affection. For a few weeks she was convinced that she was the most fortunate of women, and "the world well lost." It was not long, however, before Adela was doomed to recollect the warnings she had received, and the reports she had heard; in the late hours of her husband, his blood-shot eyes, and his petulance, she saw a conscience ill at ease. One evening he returned home in apparent agitation, and told her that he had had an unfortunate dispute with a young man,—they had fought, and he had wounded his antagonist; that it was necessary for him to escape, or he should be immediately arrested; that a vessel was waiting at the wharf, which was bound for Halifax, where he should be safe, and might remain concealed till the danger of excitement was over. Adela calmly acquiesced, but told him it was her fixed purpose to accompany him; it was in vain that he opposed her determination; she could not brook opposition, for she had been unused to it. "I have given up all for your sake," said she, "and if I give up you, nothing remains to me!" Maitland, in his turn, was obliged to submit. It was a dreary prospect, and a voyage of hardship, for a young lady accustomed to every luxury; but she bore it without complaining, till sea-sickness,

and the want of proper accommodation, had reduced her almost to death. It was then that they put in at one of the Shoal Islands. When he found her unable to proceed, he alarmed her with fears for his own safety. "It is only now that there is danger," said he; "when the circumstances are known, I shall be permitted to return without fear of arrest." Adela became eager for his departure; and he quitted her in the full assurance that he would return in a few weeks.

It was now that Mr. Leslie informed her that the story of the duel was a fabrication; that, after losing her little fortune at play, Maitland had forged a cheque in his name to a large amount, on one of the principal banks, withdrawn the money, and absconded with it; that his own object in this voyage had been to follow and arrest him; that he knew from authentic sources that he was still at Halifax, and, though he did not appear during the day, was every night at the gambling table. "Providence," he continued, "has restored you to me in a manner that marks out to us both our proper course. You shall return with me; we will forget all that is passed; and I will receive you again as my child, on condition that you give up Maitland." The tears of Adela were her only reply; at length she said, "And I reject this offer, what are the consequences?" "Adela," replied he, "I feel no spirit of revenge; I was following Maitland to arrest him, in the hope of opening your eyes and redeeming you. I will, for your sake, withdraw my prosecution, and leave him in possession of the sum he has fraudulently obtained. If you return with me, not a reproach shall ever meet your ear; you shall be, as you once were, my comfort and my solace, and we will only feel that disappointment has more closely united us. If you still cling to your husband, my offer of kindness shall not be by halves; I will see that you are properly conveyed to him at Halifax. But I warn you, that he has long been a notorious gambler; since your marriage he has thrown off the mask; he has now been guilty of a crime that would condemn him to a prison for life; do not suppose this will be his last; his habits lead to death. I give you till to-morrow to weigh the subject, and determine."

When Adela was left alone, she endeavoured to think and reason, but her mind was too much agitated to do either. When her uncle came in the morning, she threw herself upon his neck, as she was wont to do in happier days; he pressed her closely to his heart. "Have you decided, Adela?" said he. "I have," she replied, in a low voice; "all you say is true, but he is my husband!" The uncle loosened his hold, and turned mournfully away. In one hour from that time, he was borne in a little fishing-boat far beyond her sight. Two days after, a vessel with a comfortable cabin, and good accommodations, anchored at the little wharf, the captain of which sent notice to Mrs. Maitland that he was to convey her to Halifax. She took an affectionate leave of John and his family, and liberally rewarded their kindness. Mr. Leslie returned to the south; he spoke not of his niece, and no one presumed to mention her name in his presence; years passed by, and her memory seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth.

In the year 1790, a gentleman was visiting one of our state prisons; an interesting woman caught his attention, as she passed into one of the cells. "Is it possible," said he, "that woman can be a convict?" "O no, Sir," replied the keeper, she is willing to remain here as an assistant, for the sake of attending her husband, who was sentenced here for life for forgery, but will soon be released by death." The gentleman's curiosity was awakened; he requested to be admitted to the cell. The wife supported the head of the husband, and administered to his wants. As the gentleman gazed upon her, his heart became softened; the recollection of former times returned, and he said in an impressive tone, "Adela!" She looked up, recognized her uncle, and fainted. When she recovered, he said, "O my child, go home with me!" She looked steadfastly at him, and replied, in the same tone in which she had spoken ten years before, "He is my husband." Every alleviation that money could procure was supplied to the dying man; and when he had breathed his last, Mr. Leslie took Adela home. But she came not alone; she brought with her a little boy, named Leslie, and a second Adela. To these children she never spoke of their father; but she strove to instil into their minds principles of religion and virtue. The old age of Mr. Leslie was cheered by gratitude and affection.*

THE PROPER SITTING POSTURE FOR FEMALES.

This question has been disputed; one party insisting that girls should always sit erect, while others are advocates for a lounging position. It is not difficult to shew that both are wrong; when a delicately formed girl is supposed to be sitting erect, she is generally sitting crooked: to a superficial observer she may appear quite straight; but any one who will sit on a music stool, and endeavour to keep his body in a perpendicular line for ten minutes, will be convinced that it is difficult for even a strong man to sit as long as a delicate female is expected to do, without allowing the spine to sink on one side, or to fall forwards.

* From *Stories of an American Life*, edited by Mary Russell Mitford.

The attempt to sit erect beyond a certain time is injurious; for, although bending the spine occasionally is useful rather than hurtful, yet when it is done involuntarily, and when the bend is attempted to be concealed by an endeavour to keep the head straight, there is a danger of the spine becoming twisted. Indeed a double curve is generally the consequence; there is first a bend to one side, to give ease to the fatigued muscles; and then, to conceal this, there is a second curve, that is necessarily accompanied by a slight twist in the vertical line of the whole column.

The proposal to allow children to sit in a crooked or lounging position seems to have been founded on the idea that all the muscles are more relaxed in this way than even when the child lies at full length on its back. This notion is certainly incorrect, and such a mode of sitting is injurious; for, even were the muscles more relaxed by it, the bones and ligaments acquire such a shape as necessarily produces distortion.

It may naturally be asked how a girl should sit, since it would appear, whether she is in an erect or stooping position, she is equally in danger of becoming crooked. As sitting, in a manner generally recommended, affords little or no support to one who is weak, the answer would be, that a delicate girl should not sit for even more than five or ten minutes without having some support to her back, and when she is fatigued, that she lie down or recline on a couch. But as it would be very annoying to a girl not to be allowed to sit up except for so short a time, and as a couch is not always at hand, we must endeavour to shew how a delicate girl may remain in an upright posture for a reasonable time without incurring any risk of becoming crooked. This leads to an inquiry into the merits of the chairs which are at present generally used by children.

Young ladies are often obliged, while at their music lessons, to sit upon those chairs which have high backs, long legs, and small seats. These chairs are said to have been invented by a very eminent surgeon, and are intended, either to prevent distortion, by some supposed operation on the spine, or as the most effectual means of supporting the body. It is difficult to imagine how a chair of this description can effect the first purpose; and to discover how far it is calculated for the second, the reader should make the experiment on a chair of the same proportion to his figure as the chair in question is to that of a little girl. He will find that if the seat or surface on which he rests is small in proportion to his body, the chest will, after a time, either fall forward or on one side, unless he exerts himself to a degree that is very fatiguing. Indeed, if the seat be at the same time so high that the feet do not rest fairly on the ground, but dangle under the chair, a forward position of the head is almost necessary to preserve the balance of the figure.*

The objection to such chairs have been met with the assertion, that girls feel remarkably comfortable in them. This is no argument in favour of their use; for it is not uncommon for a girl, who has seven or eight pounds of iron strapped upon her body, and next to her skin, to say the machine annoys her so little that she does not care how long she wears it.

But whether this chair is agreeable or not, it is easy to shew that it is not calculated to give much proper support to the body, and that it is almost impossible for a delicate girl to sit long in a natural or easy position upon it.

It may be allowed, that the chair which we consider the most comfortable, that is, the chair which affords the most support to the body, should, if made in proper proportions, be the best for a delicate girl. In such a chair, the seat should be scarcely higher than the knees (thus permitting the whole of the foot to rest upon the floor), and of such a size that, on sitting back, the upper part of the calves nearly touch it. This form of seat is very different from that of the chair alluded to, the back of which is also equally objectionable, for, instead of being in some degree shaped to the natural curves of the spine, it is made nearly straight, and projects so as to push the head forward. A delicate girl should always sit so as to rest against the back of the chair, and if the lower part of her spine is weak, a small cushion will afford great relief. As it is quite a mistake to suppose that the shoulders, if raised in any other way than by the action of the muscles, or by the curvature of the spine and ribs, will continue high, there is no real objection to a girl who is delicate being supported by an arm chair: for, occasionally resting on the elbows, a considerable weight is taken off from that part of the spine which is the most likely to yield.

These observations refer only to the manner in which delicate girls, whose spines are still straight, should sit; when the spine is actually distorted, it will be necessary to use other means.—*Quarterly Journal of Science, Literature, and Arts*, 1827.

CUSTOMER-WARK.

[In former times, it was the custom all over Scotland for the housewife, assisted by her servants, and, in case of a laird, by the wives and daughters of the tenantry, to spin as much woollen and linen yarn as sufficed to

* It must be also unnecessary to remind the reader, that if the knees are bent in standing or walking, there is a curve in the spine at the same time.

furnish clothes for her family, and napery for bed and board; a weaver being alone employed, besides, to put her handiwork into proper shape. Not long ago, a humble street in Edinburgh, called the Netherbow, was full of weavers of this kind; and, as a proof of the extent to which the system was carried two hundred years ago, even in the capital, we may mention that, when the Scottish Covenanters were about to invade England in 1640, the pious "wives" of Edinburgh supplied them, at a day's notice, with a sufficient quantity of *hurdens* (a species of linen cloth), to furnish the whole army, amounting to twenty thousand men, with tents. In the present improved state of Scotland, the division-of-labour system has, in a great measure, banished both the "big" and the "little" wheel; and, accordingly, there are not nearly so many weavers employed throughout the country, as used to be, in preparing cloth. Still, however, where such an individual is found, he is generally a more comfortable person than the muslin or cotton weaver, who, in his labour, has to compete against the enormous odds of machinery, and is, therefore, perhaps, the most abject and impoverished workman in the empire. Unfortunately, there are now very few customer-weavers, as they are called, who can obtain full employment, and therefore their existence is generally found to be one of comfort, chequered with intervals of penury.

In the year 1824, one of the editors of the Journal happened to enter the cottage of a customer-weaver in the vale of Ettrick, and had the curiosity to make himself acquainted with all the poor man's domestic and operative system, as well as his feelings respecting various external things. According to his own account of his affairs, he "daikered on here in a very sma' way." In one end of his cottage was his loom, half-embedded in the damp black earth; while in the other end, separated by two wooden beds, was his domestic establishment, condensing kitchen, parlour, and hall, into about ten feet square. He was engaged on a piece of coarse woollen cloth, the property of a customer; and by that, he said, he could make eighteen pence a-day. When customer-work failed, he was fain to work a piece upon speculation, by which he realized no immediate profit; and it was, therefore, only while the eighteen pence a-day lasted that he enjoyed any kind of comfort. On being asked if he had not better employ himself regularly for Glasgow, he declared all the work that came from that city—jaconets, blunks, ginghams, and cambrics,—to be stale, flat, and unprofitable, compared with "customer-work." It was evident, from his conversation, that "customer-work" was the only earthly thing that the weaver was interested in. Customer-work was not only superior to every other kind of work; but it was a more blessed and excellent thing than any he knew of in this world. The idea gave a strong character to his conversation, for the phrase was generally introduced three or four times into, and formed the termination of every sentence. When he paused for breath, he recommenced with "customer-work;" and this ludicrous phrase accented every cadence. It was the alpha and omega of his mind.

The observations made at this time upon the habits and feelings of the poor weaver, being afterwards detailed to another of the editors of this paper, were by him thrown into a poem in the Scottish dialect, which was published, as a kind of episode, in a volume, entitled—"Illustrations of the Author of Waverley, being Notices and Anecdotes of Real Characters, Scenes, and Incidents, supposed to be described in his works." As a picture of a certain condition of human life, it is here re-produced, with some amendments.]

I. Ettrick's old vale, where the heather grows green,
Wi' aye here, and there a bit plain between,
There lives an auld wabster, within an auld shiel,
As lang, and unchaney, and black as the de'il.
He works e'en and morn for his wife and his weans,
Till the very flesh seems to be wranght frae his bones;
Yet can'ty's the wabster, and blyth as a lark,
Whene'er he gets what he ca' customer-work!

II. This customer-work's the delight o' his soul,
Whether blanket, or sheetin, or sarkin, or towel,
Nae trashtrie o' cottons frae Glasgow he cares for,—
Their tippeness the ell is a very good wherefore;—
But God bless the wives, wi' their wheels and their thrift,
That help the poor wabster to fend and mak' shift;
Himself, and his wife, and his weans might bein stark,
An it hadna been them and their customer-work.

III. The wabster's auld house, it's an unco like den,
Though, atweel, like its neebors, it has a ben-e'll
It's roof's just a better o' divots and thack,
Wi' a chimney dress'd up maist as big's a wheat-stack.
There's a peat rack behind, and a midden before,
And a jaw-hole would tak a mule-race to jump o'er!
Ye may think him neglectfu' and lazy,—but, hark,
He's better employ'd on his customer-work!

IV. Whate'er ye may think him,—the wabster's auld bat
Has "wa' hours" i' the ben, and twa beds i' the butt,
A table, twa creepies, three chyers, and a kist,
And a settle to rest on whene'er ye list;
The ben has a winnock, the butt has a bole,
Where the bairns' parritch-leggies are set out to cool,
In providio' o' whilk he has mony a day's darque,
O' sixteen lang hours, at the customer-work!

V. The wabster's auld mairam—her name it is Bell—
Lang, ill-faured, and black, like the wabster himself—
She does naught the hale day but keeps skepin the bairns,
And hauds three or four o' them tight at the pirus.

Her tongue is as gleg and as sharp as a shuttle,
Whilk seldom but gies her the best o' the battle;
And sometimes her neive lends the wabster a yerks,
That he likes nae weel as his customer-work!

VI. The black cutty-pipe, that lies by the fire-side,
Weel kens it the day when a wab has been paid,
For then wi' tobacco it's filled to the ee,
And the wabster sits happy as happy can be;
For hours at a time it's ne'er out o' his cheek,
Till maist feck o' his winnings ha'e vanished in reek:
He says that o' life he could ne'er keep the spark,
An it werena the pipe and the customer-work!

VII. Then the wife, that's as fond o' her pleasure as he,
Brings out a black tea pot, and makes a drap tea;
And they sit, and they soas, and they haud a cabal,
And ye'd think that their slaistrs wad never divid;
By their wee spunk o' ingle they keep up the bother,
Each jeerin', misca'in', and scaldin' the tother;
While the bairns sit out by, wi' could kale, i' the dark—
Nae gude comes to them o' the customer-work!

VIII. When the siller grows scarce and the splenchan gets toom,
The wabster gangs back to his treddles and loom,
Where he jows the day lang on some wab o' his ain,
That'll bring in nae cash for a twalmouth or twain;
Then the pipe is exhaustit and laid on the sill,
Though the wrecks o' its sweetness will hang round it still;
And the tea-pot maun lie like a yauld in a park,
Till Heaven shall neist send some customer-work!

IX. Then the pair starvin' wabster grows thinner and thinner,
On a 'tatse for breakfast, a 'tatse for dinner,
And vanishes veeasily, day after day,
Just like the auld moon when she eelies away;
Clean purged out he looks, like a worm amang fog,
And his face like a clatch o' auld weans in a cogue.
At last, when grown hungry and gaunt as a shark,
He revives with a mouthfu' o' customer-work!

X. A brankson gudewife, frae the next farmer toos,
Comes in wi' a bundle, and clanks hersel' down,
"How's a' wi' ye day, Bell? Ha' ye ought i' the pipe?"
Come, rax me a stapper; the cutty I'll rype!"
I maun see the gudeman—bring him ben, hinney Jess!
Tut! the pipe's fu' o' naething but fashionless asse!"
The wife ne'er lets on that she bairs the remark,
But cries, "Jess! do ye hear, dem!—It's customer-work!"

XI. Having gotten her lick i' the lag, Jess gangs ben,
And tells her toom 'tither 'bout the God-den;
Transported, he through the shop door pops his head,
Like a ghast glowrin' out frae the gates o' the dead.
Then, wi' a great frae, he scates the gudewife,
Says he ne'er saw her lookin' sae weel i' his life,
Spiers for the gudeman, and the bairns at Glendark,
While his thoughts a' the time are on customer-work!

XII. Then, wi' the gudewife, he claps down on the floor,
And they turn and they count the hale yair o'er and o'er:
He rooses her spinning, but can'ty like dae life,
'Bout the length o' her warp and the scrip o' her waft.
At last it's a' settled, and promised beken
To be ready on Friday or Friday at e'en;
And the bairns they rin out, wi' a great skirlin' bark,
To tell that their dad's got some customer-work.

XIII. Then it's pleasant to see, by the vera neist ook,
How the wabster thaws out to his natural ook,
How he freshens a thought on his diet o' brose,
And a wee tail o' colour comes back to his nose!
The cutty's new monnait, and every thing's smug,
And Bell's tongue does nae sing half sae loud i' his lug;
Abstracted, and happy, and june as a Turk,
He sits thinking on nothing but customer-work.

XIV. Oh! customer-work! thou sublime moving spring!
It's you gds the heart o' the wabster to sing!
An' 'twereen for you, how pair were his cheer,
As meltin' a day, and twa blasts i' the year:
It's you that provides him the bit, brat, and beet,
And makes the twa ends o' the year sweetly meet,
That pits meat in his barrel, and meal in his ark!
My blessings gang wi' ye, dear customer-work!

THE EFFORTS OF GENIUS.

It is found, on examining a Biographical Dictionary of distinguished individuals in all ages and countries, amounting to about five thousand in number, that the largest proportion are Frenchmen, next the English, Scotch, and Germans, and next the Italians, Dutch, and other nations. How it happens that there have been more men in France than in England who have arrived at distinction is accounted for, not by the comparative largeness of the country, but by the circumstance that the French make a point of patronizing men of genius, whether they be poor or otherwise; while, in England, few persons of talent, if they be not rich, or well-dressed, have the chance of receiving any patronage from the great. Out of the five thousand individuals, about a sixth have been descended from the upper classes, and there are not more than a dozen kings; another sixth are of unknown origin, but may be presumed to belong to the middle ranks, of which there is distinctly about another sixth; the remaining three-sixths, or the one-half, have been either descended from the trading or the poorer classes, and have personally undergone severe struggles with poverty in elevating themselves to distinction. It is also found that many men who have arrived at eminence began by studying mathematics, to which they voluntarily attached themselves.

The most curious branch of this inquiry is that relative to the original condition of those who have risen from the lower ranks. Strangely enough, some trades seem to have produced more men of genius than others. For example, there are many instances of shoemakers

rising to great eminence in literary and other pursuits. There have been also various learned men who began life as tailors; various as weavers; and a number as gardeners, and stone-masons. More remarkably still, many eminent men, in ancient times, were originally slaves, or common soldiers. There have been some striking instances of men of genius being the sons of watchmakers. The following list of distinguished men who have in this manner risen from the humbler ranks, will be perused with some degree of interest.

Æsop, Publius Syrus, Terence, and Epictetus, all distinguished men in ancient times, were slaves at their outset in life. Protagoras, a Greek philosopher, was at first a common porter; Cleanthus, another philosopher, was a pugilist, and also supported himself at first by drawing water and carrying burdens. The late professor Heyne, of Gottingen, one of the greatest classical scholars of his own or any other age, was the son of a poor weaver, and for many years had to struggle with the most depressing poverty. The efforts of this excellent man of genius appear to have been greater and more protracted than those of any other on record, but he was finally rewarded with the highest honours. Bandoccini, one of the learned men of the sixteenth century, was the son of a shoemaker, and he worked for many years at the same business. Gelli, a celebrated Italian writer, began life as a tailor; and, although he rose to eminence in literature, never forgot his original profession, which he took pleasure in mentioning in his lectures. The elder Opie, whose talent for painting was well appreciated, was originally a working carpenter in Cornwall, and was discovered by Dr. Walcot, otherwise Peter Pindar, working as a sawyer at the bottom of a saw-pit. Abbott, Archbishop of Canterbury, who flourished in the sixteenth century, and distinguished himself by opposing the schemes of Charles I., was the son of a cloth-worker at Guildford. Akenside, the author of *Pleasures of Imagination*, was the son of a butcher, in Newcastle upon Tyne. D'Alembert, the French mathematician, was left at the steps of a church by his parents, and brought up by a poor woman as a foundling, yet arrived at great celebrity, and never forgot or abandoned his nurse. Ammenius Saccophorus, founder of the mystic philosophy at Alexandria, was born in poverty, and originally earned his subsistence by carrying sacks of wheat, whence the latter part of his name. Amyot, a French author, of some celebrity for his version of Plutarch, who lived in the sixteenth century, was at first so poor as to be unable to afford oil or candles to assist his studies, which he had to carry on by fire-light; and all the sustenance his parents could afford him was a loaf of bread weekly. George Anderson, the translator of a treatise of Archimedes, and author of a *General View of the East India Company's affairs*, who died in 1796, was originally a day labourer. Massaniello, who headed a successful revolt against the Austrian Government at Naples, was a poor seller of fish. Sir Richard Arkwright, the ingenious inventor of the machinery for spinning cotton, was originally a country barber, or dealer in hair. Arne, an eminent English composer of music, who died in 1778, was the only son of an upholsterer, and was himself brought up as an attorney's clerk. Astle, the archaeologist, and author of a work on the origin and progress of writing, was the son of the keeper of Needwood forest. Augerau, marshal of France, and Duke de Castiglione, under Buonaparte, was originally a private soldier in the French and Neapolitan ranks. John Bacon, an eminent sculptor of last century, was originally a painter of porcelain for potters. Baillet, a laborious and learned French writer, was born of poor parents at Neuville, in Picardy, but he extricated and raised himself by his genius. Ballard, the author of *Memoirs of British Ladies*, was originally a stay and habit maker, but, being patronized for his acquisitions, he was educated at Oxford, and made beadle of that university. Barker, the inventor of pictorial representation by panorama, having failed in business, became a miniature painter, and settled at Edinburgh; and, it was while resident here, and taking a view from the Calton Hill, that the idea of forming a panorama entered his mind. His invention realized him a fortune. Beattie, the author of the *Minstrel*, a poem, and other works, was originally a parish schoolmaster at Fordoun. Belzoni, one of the most eminent travellers in Egypt, at one period, when in pecuniary difficulties, supported himself by exhibiting feats of strength in different towns in Great Britain. The famous Admiral Benbow served at first as a common sailor in a merchant vessel. Miss Benger, the authoress of the *Life of Mary Queen of Scots*, and many other productions of merit, was so very poor in early life that, for the sake of reading, she used to peruse the pages of books in a bookseller's window in a town in Wiltshire, where she resided, and returned day after day, in the hope of finding another page turned over. She afterwards obtained friends who assisted her. Sebastian Castilio, the elegant Latin translator of the Bible, was born of poor peasants, who lived among the mountains of Dauphiny. The Abbé Hauteville, who distinguished himself in the seventeenth century by his inventions in clock and watch making, was the son of a baker. The eminent Prideaux, who rose to be Bishop of Winchester, was born of such poor parents that they could with difficulty keep him at school, and he acquired the rudiments of his education by acting as an assistant in the kitchen of Exeter College, Oxford. The father of the famous Inigo Jones was a cloth maker. Sir Edmund Saunders, chief justice of the King's Bench in the reign of Charles

It was originally an errand boy to the young lawyers. Linnæus was apprenticed to a shoe maker, with whom he wrought for some time, till rescued by a generous patron, who saw his genius for learning. Lomonosoff, one of the most celebrated Russian poets of last century, began life as a poor fisher boy. The famous Ben Jonson worked for some years as a bricklayer, but while he had a trowel in his hand he had a book in his pocket. Peter Ramess, a celebrated writer of the sixteenth century, was at first a shepherd boy, and obtained his education by serving as a lacquey to the college of Navarre. Longomontanus, the Danish astronomer, was the son of a labourer. Pareus, professor of theology at Heidelberg, and an eminent divine, was at first an apprentice to a shoemaker. Hans Sachs, an eminent German poet and scholar, was the son of a tailor, and he himself wrought as a shoemaker for many years. John Folez, an old German poet, was a barber. Lucas Cornelisz, a Dutch painter of the sixteenth century, had occasionally to support his family as a cook in gentlemen's kitchens. The illustrious Kepler spent his life in poverty, but in apparent contentment. Winckelmann was so poor while a student that he sang ballads through the streets at night for his support. Wolfgang Musculus commenced his career in a similar manner, having for some time sung ballads through the country, and begged from door to door, in order to obtain a pittance wherewith to put himself to school. Pope Adrian VI., one of the most eminent scholars of his time, began life in great poverty, and, as he could not afford candles, often read by the light of street lamps, or in the church porches where lights are kept burning; his eminent acquirements, and unimpeachable character, led him successively through different preferments in the church till he was appointed Pope. Claude Lorraine is said to have been originally apprenticed to a pastry cook. Marmontel was born of poor parents, and was indebted for the elements of education to the charity of a priest. Lagrange, the French translator of Lucretius, was brought up in extreme poverty. La Spagnoletto began his career in great indigence. Miles Davies, a writer on antiquities in the early part of last century, hawked his productions from door to door. James Tytler, a person of great genius in Edinburgh last century, lived in the greatest indigence, composing some of his works in types, without the intervention of manuscripts. Parkes, the author of some celebrated works on chemistry, was originally an apprentice to a grocer, and underwent many difficulties before he was ultimately successful as a practical chemist. Sir Humphry Davy was the son of a carver on wood, and he himself began as an apprentice to an apothecary.

Such brilliant instances as these might well serve to stimulate the virtuous efforts of youth to better their condition; but I forbear add remarks on the subject till a few more cases have laid before them.

PRINTING AND STEREOTYPING.

THE art of printing, whose origin has been detailed in the early numbers of the Journal, is one of the most extraordinary results of human ingenuity, and is certainly the very noblest of all the known handicrafts. Yet, important as it is acknowledged to be, three centuries elapsed from the date of the invention before it was perfected in many of its most necessary details. At first, the art was entirely in the hands of learned men, the greatest scholars often glorying in affixing their names to the works as correctors of the press, and giving names to the various parts of the mechanism of the printing office, as is testified by the classical technicalities still in use among the workmen. It was formerly mentioned that Guttenburgh, the inventor, did not go the length of casting types from moulds: that great improvement is said to have been effected by Peter Schœffer, the companion of Faust; and from that event till the invention of italic letters by Aldus Manutius, to whom learning is much indebted, no other improvement took place. It does not appear that mechanical ingenuity was at any time directed to the improvement of the presses, or any other parts of the machinery used in printing, and the consequence was that, till far on in the eighteenth century, the clumsy instruments of Guttenburgh, Faust, and Caxton, continued in universal use. The presses were composed of wood and iron, and were slow and heavy in working, while the ink continued to be applied by two stuffed balls or cushions, at a great expense of time and trouble.

At length, an almost entire revolution was effected in the printing office, both in the appearance of the typography and the working of the presses. About the same period the art of stereotyping was discovered, and developed a completely new feature in the invention of printing. One of the chief improvements in the typography was the discarding of the long s, and every description of contractions, and, at the same time, the cutting of the letters was done with greater neatness and regularity. Among the first improvers of the printing press, the most honourable place may be given to the Earl of

Stanhope, a nobleman remembered for his mechanical genius, who applied certain lever powers to the screw and handle of the old press, thereby diminishing the labour of the operative, and producing finer work. Since the beginning of the present century, and more specially within the last twenty years, presses wholly composed of iron, on the nicest scientific principles, have been invented by different men of mechanical genius in Great Britain and America, so as to simplify the process of printing in an extraordinary degree; and the invention of presses composed of cylinders, and wrought by steam power, has triumphantly crowned the improvements in the art. The introduction of steam presses has been furthered by another invention of an accessory nature, now of great value to the printer. Allusion is here made to the invention of the roller, for applying the ink, instead of the old unwieldy and insufficient balls. The roller, which is a composition of a glutinous nature, cast upon a wooden centre-piece, was invented by a journeyman printer in Edinburgh, and was so much appreciated as at once to spread over the whole of Britain.

It is our chief object, in this sketch, to give a brief explanation of the process of stereotyping—a process without the aid of which the present, as well as many other works, could not be so extensively nor so cheaply circulated through the country. Stereotyping seems to have been invented simultaneously by different persons in various parts of England and Scotland during the last century. When properly made known, it was hailed with acclamation by the printing and publishing world; but, as experience developed its powers, it was found to be strictly applicable only to a particular kind of work. In putting up types, they are lifted one by one, and built into a little case held in the hand of the compositor, who, by the accumulation of handfuls, makes up a page, and lays it, with the face upmost, on a table. After being wedged at the foot and side into an iron frame, and corrected, the page is carried to the press for working, and when the whole of the impression is off, it is brought back to the table, and the types distributed into their places. When the page has to be stereotyped, the same process of putting up is gone through; but, instead of being carried to the press, the page is plastered over with liquid stucco to the thickness of about half an inch, so that a level cake is formed on the surface of the types. As soon as the stucco hardens, which it does almost immediately, the cake is separated from the types, and, on being turned up, shows a complete hollow or mould-like representation of the faces of the types and every thing else in the page. There being no longer any use for the types, they are carried off and distributed. As for the cake, it is put into an oven and baked to a certain degree of heat and hardness, like a piece of pottery. It is next laid in a square iron pan, having a lid of the same metal, with holes at the corners. The pan is now immersed in a pot of molten lead, and being allowed to fill by means of the holes, it is at length taken out and put aside till it cool. On opening the pan, a curious appearance is presented. The lead has run into the mould side of the cake, and formed a thin plate all over, exhibiting the perfect appearance of the faces of the types on which the stucco was plastered. Thus is procured a fictitious page of types, not thicker than the sixth of an inch, and which can be printed from in the same manner as in the case of a real page. Such is the process of stereotyping, or making fixed or stationary types—and now for the utility of the invention.

In all cases of common book-work it is best to print from types to the amount of the copies required, and then distribute the types; but in most cases of books published in parts, sheets, or numbers, stereotyping becomes absolutely necessary. It is easy to perceive the reason for this. When books are published in numbers, it often happens that many more copies are sold of one number than of another, and unless the types be kept up to complete sets in the hands of the publisher, or to print copies according to the increased demand, a serious loss is sustained. The manufacture of stereotype plates is, therefore, simply a means of keeping up fictitious types to answer future demands, at an expense infinitely inferior to that of keeping the actual pages standing. For example, one hundred pounds' worth of types are employed in setting up a single sheet of this journal, while a set of stereotype plates, which answers the same purpose, costs only forty-five shillings. There being now thirty-four numbers of the journal printed, a capital of 3,400*l.* would require to be sunk to keep all the pages of the work standing in types, whereas, the stereotype plates for the same quantity of numbers has cost between seventy and eighty pounds only. As the journal is stereotyped

weekly, there has perhaps never yet occurred such a remarkable instance of the value of this vast improvement in the typographic art. The very manner in which the work is effected furnishes matter for surprise. Two sets of plates are moulded, one of which is kept for use in Edinburgh, and the other sent in a box by the royal mail to London, where it is immediately subjected to a steam press, and, in a few hours, made to produce twenty thousand or more printed sheets. By this wonderful process, the expense of setting up the types in London is avoided, and the publisher thereby permitted to extend the circulation of the work on the most liberal principles, and in a very quick manner, all over the country, both to the benefit of the booksellers and the public. At the outset of the Journal, stereotyping most unfortunately was not resorted to; in consequence of this oversight, some of the numbers were put in types four and five times, to print off additional supplies; and it has only been since the whole were regularly stereotyped that the work has produced any profit commensurate with the exertions bestowed upon it, or been conducted with satisfaction to the parties concerned.

THE CONDOR.

THE habits of the condor partake of the bold ferocity of the eagle, and of the disgusting filthiness of the vulture. Although, like the latter, it appears to prefer the dead carcass, it frequently makes war upon a living prey; but the gripe of its talons is not sufficiently firm to enable it to carry off its victim through the air. Two of these birds, acting in concert, will frequently attack a puma, a lama, a calf, or even a full-grown cow. They will pursue the poor animal with unwearied pertinacity, lacerating it incessantly with their beaks and talons, until it falls exhausted with fatigue and loss of blood. Then, having first seized upon its tongue, they proceed to tear out its eyes, and commence their feast with these favourite morsels. The intestines form the second course of their banquet, which is usually continued until the birds have gorged themselves so fully as to render them incapable of using their wings in flight. The Indians, who are well acquainted with this effect of their voracity, are in the habit of turning it to account for their amusement in the chase. For this purpose they expose the dead body of a horse or a cow, by which some of the condors, which are generally hovering in the air in search of food, are speedily attracted. As soon as the birds have glutted themselves on the carcass, the Indians make their appearance, armed with the lasso, and the condors, being unable to escape by flight, are pursued and caught by means of these singular weapons with the greatest certainty. This sport is a peculiar favourite in the country, where it is held in a degree of estimation second to that of a bull-fight alone.—*Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society.*

THE DEAR YEARS.

IN former times, when Scotland was a poor, "half-fed, half-clad, half-sarrit" country at the very best, and ere the maxims of political economy, and the wealth introduced by commerce, had as yet provided men with the means of obviating the effects of bad seasons, our population was subject to the most awful visitations of famine, which sometimes lasted, with more or less virulence, for a course of years. The most severe calamity of this kind on record occurred at the meeting of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when a series of bad crops, commencing in 1697, and not ending till 1704, reduced the people to a state of privation and suffering quite unexampled. The earlier months of the winters of those years were so intensely cold that the unhouseled children of nature died in the fields; the birds dropped from the trees; and the smaller insects, such as flies, were nearly exterminated. The meagre crops of those years had to be rescued from the snows of November and December—a species of labour which deprived many of the poor working people of the use of their hands and feet. The scarcity was at its height in 1700. The meal was then sold at two shillings a-peck, a price which placed it almost beyond the reach of the common people. And not only was this great cardinal necessary of Scottish domestic life elevated to such an exorbitant price, but it was sometimes difficult to procure it at all. It is related, traditionally, that when women sometimes came to market, and found that the whole disposable grain of the place had been already sold off, they would be seen clapping their hands, and tearing off their head-gear, with the most heart-rending exclamations of despair, knowing that they would have nothing to put into the mouths of their children for a number of days, unless succoured by the charity of their neighbours.

Under such distressing circumstances, the affections of domestic life were very apt to disappear in the selfishness of individual misery. Honest Patrick Walker, the pious pamphleteer so much quoted in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," relates, that some declared they could mind nothing but food, and were utterly unconcerned about their souls, whether they went to heaven or hell." Yet there were, no doubt, many instances, also, of mothers tearing the bit from their own disinterested mouths, to give it to their offspring,—of good hearts which could succour the deeper distress of their friends, at the risk of

their own destruction,—and of Christians who, regarding every evil in life as the infliction of an all-wise and unchallengable Deity, would bear their pains with unbroken minds, and fulfil, till the very last, all the duties of a good life.

There lived in those days a certain baillie, in the town of Coldstream, whose descendant, in 1826, related to me the following anecdotes, which had been handed down by family tradition:—

At one particular crisis of the famine, this good man, though one of the wealthiest in the place, found it quite impossible to procure a meal for his children. The day had been spent entirely without food, and, towards night, the youngsters were getting so clamorous that the parents despaired of seeing them fall asleep without something in the shape of supper. In this emergency, the baillie bethought him of a barrel of ale which had long lain in his cellar. But, in the first place, he called in the town-piper with his bagpipes. Having set this official to play a few merry tunes, the children all fell a-dancing, and he then supplied them each with a little of the ale, the piper included. Under this double influence of music and drink, the poor things danced still more energetically, till at length they became so overpowered by fatigue and the fumes of the liquor as to fall into a profound sleep, from which they only awoke next morning to a meal which had, in the mean time, been provided.

During the famine, four bolls of oatmeal were sent to Coldstream market to be sold, and were consigned to the care of the baillie. His wife took him aside, and, directed by the feelings of a mother, counselled him to secure one of the bolls for the use of his own family. But he kindly rebuked her for her selfishness, and said he would perform what he considered his duty, by dealing out the meal to the inhabitants in general, in portions corresponding to the extent of families, ranking himself among the rest. He did so most scrupulously; and it was remarked, as a token of the favour of Heaven for such humane and just conduct, that the little quota he thus reserved for his own use, served to sustain his family exactly till another supply was procured.

The mortality occasioned by this famine was very great. The people, by way of making their little occasional supplies of meal go as far as possible, used to grind it up with a large proportion of way-side herbs and seeds of an unhealthy character, which were almost as fatal as absolute want. Patrick Walker tells us, that deaths and burials at length grew so frequent, that the living were wearied with taking care of the dead; it was found difficult to raise a sufficient company to inter a neighbour decently; and many corpses got neither coffin nor winding-sheet, but were drawn to the grave upon sledges, as is done upon occasions of pestilence abroad.* It was quite a customary sight in Ayrshire, according to a traditional source of intelligence, to see the bodies of people, who had died of starvation, lying under the high thorn hedges, which then formed the only boundaries of roads and fields throughout the country. Many of these were never buried; but, after lying above ground till the return of better times re-awakened natural feelings in the breasts of the people, were put out of sight by a covering of earth.

It is said that the famine was fatal, to a remarkable degree, in the northern province of Moray; inasmuch, that, in the parish of Kininvie, only three smoking cottages were left all the inhabitants of the others having died during that heavy visitation. "From poverty and the awful prevalence of mortality," says a provincial chronicler, (the *Inverness Courier*), "the ordinary rites of Christian burial were denied to the poor, and large holes were dug in many places, into which their bodies were consigned. One maiden lady in Garmouth, whose memory is still gratefully embalmed in the recollections of the peasantry, provided shrouds and coffins for such as wandered to her door to die; and, so anxious were the poor to avail themselves of this last privilege, that they would husband their little stock, and journey far and near, that they might close their eyes secure of decent interment!" In the Highlands, hunger pinched the people as hard as anywhere else. There used long to be a traditional recollection at Inverness, of a vision of poor famished wretches, who came out like spectres from the glens and woods, and set up a wail of misery before the town, that pierced the very hearts of the honest burghers, themselves very nearly as necessitous and as miserable.

The following little tale of human ignominy and wretchedness, connected with the famine of 1700, is from the recollection of an aged gentleman to whom it was related by his grandmother, the date of whose birth was 1704.

For many years before the famine, a poor old woman, belonging to the tribe of *gentle beggars*, as they are called in Scotland—that is, persons originally of good condition, but who have been reduced to beggary—used to wander about Ayrshire, living chiefly in the houses of the farmers, to whom her company was acceptable, on account of her having "a wonderful gift of prayer." About the year 1695, this sanctimonious person, though she had partaken of the family supper, was detected one night, at a farm-house where she lodged, licking the cream off one of the best boyes in the dairy. Such a failing in a woman of her character was very shocking to the religious feelings of the community, and, accordingly, the poor woman was now so much despised and reviled that she found it necessary to disappear from that district of

the country, and try her fortune in a scene where she was less known. In time, the people almost forgot the very existence of such a person; the waves of society closed over her, and she was the same to Ayrshire as if she had never lived. But it would appear that the unhappy wretch did not find it possible to obtain a proper settlement anywhere else, owing, perhaps, to her not being anywhere else "the accustomed beggar." Thus, when the famine began, like a dejected bark driven back by storms to its own little haven, she found it necessary to seek a shelter and sustenance, everywhere else denied, in the circle of country where she was alone known, either for good or evil. Previous to the unfortunate exposure which drove her from Ayrshire, she had been a decent-looking, neatly dressed woman, with a trace of the gentility of better days; but now misery had pinched her hard; her clothes were the most wretched that could be conceived, and, to use the expressive phrase in which her tale was related, it was possible to trace her path by the vermin which she dropped in her progress. The last circumstance was a sufficient cause, if no other had existed, for denying a lodging to the poor wretch, while the famine of the time afforded an equally good reason for refusing to extend to her the means of supporting life. Thus circumstanced—an outcast, starved, diseased, loathsome to herself and all the world—this miserable creature dragged her living corpse to the banks of the water of Annick, (a rivulet which runs through the parish of Stewarton, and discharges itself into the sea at Irvine,) and there upon a little hillock lay down to die.

Through the kindness of a neighbouring farmer, the great-grandfather of my informant, who every day came out to the place where she was lying, and threw her a bannock and a piece of cheese, she survived nine days, but died upon the tenth, as striking a picture of human misery as ever culminated the earth. The time was one of horrible sights, and accordingly no one stirred to offer her corpse the rites of burial, or even to fling a stone or a handful of earth upon it, for many months after.

LONDON AND THE GAMING HOUSES.

In perambulating the streets of London, the stranger invariably strolls in a westerly direction, gradually leaving behind him the closely-packed houses, streets, and alleys of the city, and at every step approaching that part of the metropolis where the air seems freer, the buildings more elegant and spacious, the thoroughfares wider, and the passengers more tastefully and fashionably dressed. Temple-bar was long esteemed the line of demarcation betwixt traffic and gentility, inasmuch as it separates London from Westminster; but trade has, for many years, been creeping beyond this huge barrier,—has filled the Strand with shops—turned to the right and gone up the Haymarket and Regent Street—is fast pushing on its way towards Windsor—and there is no knowing where it may finally stop. Charing Cross, a spot where a number of streets diverge in different directions, at the western extremity of the Strand, is now the proper boundary betwixt the residence of the fashionable and unfashionable world. When you have walked westward as far as this radiating point, you begin to be struck with the magnificent proportions of the edifices; and, as you penetrate onward, you feel yourself the more astonished and pleased with the elegance of the architecture (even though you may perhaps know that it is only brick disguised in plaster,) the beauty of the large plate-glass windows, and the great degree of opulence which the whole outline so significantly displays. If you have any town cousin with you, who has volunteered to show the wonders of the place, you most likely ask what description of persons inhabit houses of such grandeur; and he answers, that many are the residences of the nobility and members of the government, many are occupied as public offices, and club houses, and not a few are devoted to purposes of gaming.

The gaming-houses of London—at least those on a great scale—are all situate in this modern and elegant quarter of the town, and are among the greatest wonders of this world of houses and human beings. In the slang of the town, such dens of vice and plunder are designated *Hells*,—a name too applicable to the nature of the business transacted within them. We are credibly informed by the author of *Life in the West*—a recent production, that these houses are fitted up in a style of extraordinary splendour, and that their expenses are enormous, though nothing in comparison to the profits realized. One house is supported at an expence of a thousand pounds a week. The next in eminence costs a hundred and fifty pounds a-week, and the minor ones vary from fifty to eighty pounds. Each house has a regular complement of officials, who are paid extravagant salaries. The inspectors, or overlookers, are paid from six to eight pounds a-week each; the "croupiers," or dealers, three to six pounds; the waiters and porters, two pounds; and a person who keeps a look out after the police officers, to give warning of their approach, two pounds. The money disbursed for secret information, wines, &c., cannot be easily ascertained, but must be very large.

Everything in the interior of these mansions is elegant; but certain things betoken the dreadful and hazardous nature of the establishment. The doors and window shutters are fortified with strong iron plates, so that an ingress by violence is a tardy and difficult matter. There is one of these iron doors at the bottom of the stairs, one

near the top, and a third at the entrance of the gaming room. These are opened and closed one after the other as the person ascends or descends. In each of the doors there is a little round glass peep-hole, for the porter to take a deliberate view of all persons desirous of admittance, in order to keep out or let in whom they choose.

An unsophisticated person would naturally enough suppose, from this account, that none but those of great courage would dare to penetrate into the heart of these establishments; but it must be explained that there is nothing like gruffness or jailorism in the keepers of the mansion. The whole is placed on an easy footing. No civility can equal that of the waiters, while the condescension of the proprietors, or *bankers*, the refreshments and wine, all combined, have an interesting and deceptive influence upon the inexperienced and unreflecting mind. But what kind of people are they who keep such houses? are they born a particular class? By no means. In London there is always a large number of individuals, the refuse of every rank, and the natives of every country, floating on the surface of society, ready to engage in any desperate undertaking, providing it can bring money into the pocket, and indulgence to the passions. "The proprietors of these houses are composed of a heterogeneous mass of worn-out gamblers, black-legs, horse dealers, jockeys, valets, petty-fogging lawyers, low tradesmen, men in business who have failed through their debauchery, and others of a similar stamp. They dress in the first style of fashion, keep country houses, carriages, horses, and fare sumptuously; bedizen themselves out with valuable gold watches, chains, seals, diamonds and other rings, costly snuff-boxes, &c.—property, with but little exception, originally belonging to unfortunates who had been fleeced of every thing, and who, in the moment of distress, parted with them for a mere trifle. Some have got into large private mansions, and keep first-rate establishments. Persons, with a very superficial knowledge of the world, can easily discern through the thin disguise of gentlemen they assume."—*Life in the West*, vol. ii. p. 93.

One of these infamous establishments, which obtains more plunder than all the others put together, has been fitted up at an expence of £40,000, and has been set up as a bait for the fortunes of the great. "Invitations to dinner are sent to noblemen and gentlemen, at which they are treated with every delicacy, and the most intoxicating wines. After such liberal entertainment, a visit to the French hazard table in the adjoining room is a matter of course, when the consequences are easily divined. A man thus allured to the den may determine not to lose more than the few pounds he has about him; but in the intoxication of the moment, and the delirium of play, it frequently happens that, notwithstanding the best resolves, he borrows money upon his checks, which, being known to be good, are readily cashed to very considerable amounts. In this manner, £10,000, £20,000, £30,000, or more, have often been swept away." The profits thus gained are almost incalculable; for such is the gross stupidity of men of fortune, that they persist upon entering and "trying their luck," either at games with cards or dice, although perfectly well aware of the almost certain chance of losing. The house just alluded to lately realized in one season £150,000, over and above expenses, which could not be less than £100 a-day." Some idea can be formed, (says the author we have quoted,) of what has been sacked, by the simple fact, that one thousand pounds was given, at the close of the season, to be divided among the waiters alone; a head-servant having half that sum presented to him as a new year's gift.

The degree of blackguardism, villany, and wasteful profusion which characterize these infamous establishments, will, doubtless, appal the minds of thousands of our respectable and industrious readers; but there is a use in thus unfolding scenes capable of scaring the unwary man of property, or those in desperate circumstances, from the gaming table, while the virtuous portion of the community, in reading such accounts of what is hourly transacting—night and day, Sunday as well as every other day in the week—in the metropolis, will draw closer together, and learn to be thankful that their simple and honest occupations do not lead them into the way of such unhalloved temptations.

A DAY BETWEEN THE TROPICS.*

On the 15th of June, in lat. 14° 6' 45", we beheld, for the first time, that glorious constellation of the southern heavens, the cross, which is to navigators a token of peace, and, according to its position, indicates the hours of the night. We had long wished for this constellation, as a guide to the other hemisphere; we, therefore, felt inexpressible pleasure when we perceived it in the resplendent firmament. We all contemplated it with feelings of profound devotion as a type of salvation; but the mind was especially elevated at the sight of it, by the reflection, that even into this region, which this beautiful constellation illumines, under the significant name of the Cross, the European has carried the noblest attributes of humanity, science, and Christianity; and, impelled by the most exalted feelings, endeavours to spread them more and more extensively in the remotest regions.

In proportion as the southern firmament rose above our horizon, that of the northern hemisphere sank below it.

* From Travels in Brazil, by Doctors Van Spix and Martins, undertaken by the order of his majesty the king of Bavaria.

* Since this article was penned, we have, unfortunately, had full exemplification of all the practices proper to a time of pestilence at home.

Those who considered Europe exclusively as their country, looked with painful sensations on the polar star as it sank lower and lower, till at length it vanished in the thick mists of the horizon.

In these seas the sun rises from the ocean with great splendour, and gilds the clouds accumulated in the horizon, which, in grand and various groups, seem to present to the eye of the spectator continents with high mountains and valleys, with volcanoes and seas, mythological and other strange creations of fancy. The lamp of day gradually mounts in the transparent blue sky; the damp gray fogs subside; the sea is calm, or gently rises and falls, with a surface smooth as a mirror, in a regular motion. At noon a pale, faintly shining cloud rises, the herald of a sudden tempest, which at once disturbs the tranquillity of the sea. Thunder and lightning seem as if they would split our planet; but a heavy rain, of a salubrious taste, pouring down in the midst of roaring whirlwinds, puts an end to the raging of the elements; and several semicircular rainbows, extended over the ocean like gay triumphal arches, and multiplied in the wrinkled surface of the water, announce the termination of the great natural phenomenon. As soon as the air and sea have recovered their repose and equilibrium, the sky again shows its transparent azure; swarms of flying-fish leap sporting over the surface of the water, and the many coloured natives of the ocean, among which is the shark with his two inseparable companions, *Gasterosteus Ductor* and *Echeneis Remora*, come up from the bottom of the element, which is translucent to the depth of a hundred fathoms. Singularly formed Medusæ, the bladder-shaped Physalis, with its blue pungent filaments, serpent-like streaks of Salpæ, joined together, float carelessly along, and many other little marine animals, of the most various kinds, pass slowly, the sport of the waves, by the motionless vessel. As the sun gradually sinks in the cloudy horizon, sea and sky assume a new dress, which is, beyond description, sublime and magnificent; the most brilliant red, yellow, and violet, in infinite shades and contrast, are poured out in profusion over the azure of the firmament, and are reflected in still gayer variety from the surface of the water. The day departs amidst continual lightnings in the dusky horizon; while the moon, in silent majesty, rises from the unbounded ocean, into the cloudless upper regions. Variable winds cool the atmosphere; numerous falling stars, coming particularly from the south, shed a magic light; the dark blue firmament, reflected with the constellations on the untroubled bosom of the water, represents the image of the whole starry hemisphere; and the ocean, agitated even by the faintest breeze of the night, is changed into a sea of waving fire.

THE CAVERN TEMPLES OF ELORA.

The seven wonders of the world seem all to sink into insignificance, as stupendous instances of human exertion, compared with the cavern temples of Elora in Hindostan, which have only of late been made known to the enlightened part of mankind. Elora is situated 2600 miles from Bombay, 650 from Madras, and above 1000 from Calcutta. Some years ago, soon after the place had been added to the British empire, it was visited by Captain J. B. Seeley, who published an account of it in an octavo volume. From that work we shall extract enough to give the reader some faint notion of the mighty wonders of the place:—

"Bruce's emotions were not more vivid or tumultuous on first beholding the springs of the Nile, than mine were on reaching the temples of Elora. I at once rushed into the wonders and glories of these immortal works; but it is totally impossible to describe the feelings of admiration and awe excited on the mind upon first beholding these stupendous excavations.

"On a close approach to the temples, the eye and imagination are bewildered with the variety of interesting objects that present themselves on every side. The feelings are interested to a degree of awe, wonder, and delight, that at first is painful, and it is a long time before they become sufficiently sobered and calm to contemplate with any attention the surrounding wonders. The death-like stillness of the place, the solitude of the adjoining plains, the romantic beauty of the country, and the mountain itself, perforated in every part, all tend to impress the mind of the stranger with feelings quite new, and far different from those felt in viewing magnificent edifices amidst the busy haunts of man. Every thing here invites the mind to contemplation, and every surrounding object reminds it of a remote period, and a mighty people, who were in a state of high civilization, whilst the natives of our own land were barbarians, living in woods and wilds.

Conceive the burst of surprise at suddenly coming upon a stupendous temple, within a large open court, hewn out of the solid rock, with all its parts perfect and beautiful, standing proudly alone upon its native bed, and detached from the neighbouring mountain by a spacious area all round, nearly 250 feet deep, and 160 feet broad: this unrivalled fane raising its rocky head to a height of nearly 100 feet—its length about 145 feet, by 62 broad—having well-formed doorways, windows, staircases to its upper floor, containing five large rooms of a smooth and polished surface, regularly divided by rows of pillars; the whole bulk of this immense block of isolated excavation being upwards of 500 feet in circumference, and, extraordinary as it may appear,

having beyond its areas three handsome figure galleries, or virandas, supported by regular pillars, with compartments hewn out of the boundary scarp, containing forty-two curious gigantic figures of the Hindoo mythology—the whole three galleries in continuity, enclosing the areas, and occupying the almost incredible space of nearly 420 feet of excavated rock; being, upon the average, about 13 feet 2 inches broad all round, and in height 14 feet and a half; while, positively, above these again are excavated five large rooms. Within the court, and opposite these galleries or virandas, stands Keylas the Proud, wonderfully towering in hoary majesty—a mighty fabric of rock, surpassed by no relic of antiquity in the known world.

"Nothing can be more romantic and interesting than the view down the great hall, or into the large rooms, excavated in the northern and southern sides of the mountain facing you; or, if you wish to quit this gloomy grandeur, only cross the bridges through the small rooms, to the balcony over the gateway, and there is the open country, with beautiful nature robed in all the luxuriance and richness of oriental verdure.

"At the time these astonishing works were begun, the country, far and wide, must have enjoyed a profound peace; its resources, too, must have been great to have permitted such vast undertakings; and the people happy and contented who could, for purposes of religion, labour unremittingly for a series of years in the completion of these temples. It is, indeed, not unreasonable to conclude they had their origin before the followers of Mahomet ravaged and disturbed the tranquillity of India, then inhabited by a race purely Hindoo; long, probably, antecedent to the invasion by Alexander or Seleucus."

LATITUDE OF THE CALTON HILL.

As the Calton Hill is one of our most interesting mineralogical and geological points, we are happy, says the editor of the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, in having an opportunity of giving the precise position of the Observatory placed upon it. The latitude of this Observatory, as determined by Mr. Henderson, from the data of the trigonometrical survey, is 55 degrees, 57 minutes, 19.5 seconds north.

MRS. MARGARET LAUDER.

A SONG has long been popular in Scotland under the name of "Maggy Lauder," being the composition, we believe, of Robert Semple, a Renfrewshire bard of the reign of Charles II. The following note is given in "Chambers' Collection of Scottish Songs" (from a genealogical manuscript in the Advocates' Library), as probably referring to the heroine of the ditty:—

"NOTE.—There hath been a tradition in the burgh of North Berwick and country about, handed down to this time from father to son, that when Oliver Cromwell, that grand usurper, hypocrite, and great wicked man, lay with his army encamped about Dunbar, before the battle of Downhill, that he had sent a party to North Berwick, where Sir Robert Lauder, then of Bass, had his house, with barnyard, and other office houses. The party entered the barn, where the corn was sacked up, ready to be carried out to be sown; the party having offered to carry off the corn for the use of their master, the Lord Protector (as they called him), his army, Sir Robert's servant went into the house and acquainted Mrs. Margaret, alias Maggy Lauder, Sir Robert's sister, who had the management of his family and affairs. She immediately ordered the sharpest knife and flail to be brought to her, and went into the barn, where, after upbraiding the party, she ripped up the sacks, and managed the flail with such dexterity that she beat off the party; for which she most deservedly may be accounted amongst the greatest and most glorious heroines of that age. Sir Robert was obliged at that time to abscond, because he was a loyalist, as all of that and other families of that name have almost always been and still continue."

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

We have observed in a late Number of *The London Literary Gazette* (a work for which, on general grounds, we entertain much respect), an invective against the Society of Useful Knowledge, for their interference with the business of publishing. *The Penny Magazine* of the Society is there spoken of as affording an encouragement to other cheap works, which, like it, infringe on the stamp laws, and, in doing so, injure the newspapers. We profess to be at a loss to see in what respect *The Literary Gazette* differs from the works it now denounces, except in so far as it partakes much more of the character of an intelligencer, and therefore runs higher to break the stamp laws, than many of them. For our own part, we must emphatically remonstrate against this system which *The London Literary Gazette*, and other papers above sixpence in price, have adopted, of denouncing to the stamp laws all literary sheets published below that standard of money. The stamp laws say, as plainly as words can speak, that all sheets which publish news and occurrences, and comment upon matters of church and state, shall pay duty. But the papers above sixpence give another reading to the law, and say, that all sheets published at a cheaper price than theirs shall be liable

to impost. We had thought the law severe enough, since it prevented the people from getting news and politics without duty; but the severity of the law is liberality itself to the *pseudo-liberal* newspapers, which would urge the government, against its own will, to tax the dissemination of general knowledge also. The case is exactly the same ludicrous one as if the muslin mercer were to denounce war against the clothier for attracting customers to purchase his more substantial articles, to the neglect of gauzes and crapes. It is a mere commercial war, in which a regard to self has completely blinded the assailing party to those very principles of justice and truth which they affect to advocate so zealously in general questions.

We do not make this remonstrance in any fear as to the effect of these denunciations, which, being based entirely in wilful error, can do no real harm. We want to assert our own separate and independent status, and to distinguish ourselves in popular acceptance from the taxed news-sheets with which we are sought to be confounded. We spurn entirely at the idea of carrying on our present extensive, and, we trust, useful business, under the appearance of illegality. We have embarked more fortune and reputation in our undertaking than smugglers generally do; and it would be very hard if our efforts were, after all, to be set down as only the transactions of a bookseller who violates the law in the security of his poverty or his degradation. *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, we observe, in an article highly complimentary in other respects to the *Journal*, speaks of it as a thing following up the efforts of some "desperate men," who lately tried to publish newspapers without stamps, and as an experiment to try how far the mercy of the stamp laws could be tampered with. We are sorry to find ourselves unconsciously misrepresented by a Magazine of so much acuteness as *Tait's*. We deny altogether that the laws have any thing to do with us. If they had, or were likely to have, we would not publish our work. But they have not, and if any attempt were made to apply them to us, we would bring it to the highest legal decision that could be obtained, knowing that there is in reality no statute imposing a tax on such works. We would just ask the critic in *Tait's Magazine*, whether our work or the late *Edinburgh Literary Journal* approaches most nearly to the character of an *intelligencer*, or if he thinks it would have been offensive to the feelings of the editor of that work, had some one told him that he was living in defiance of the laws of his country? Our second reason for making this remonstrance is, that we may vindicate ourselves from the imputation of being only an inferior kind of newspaper. The newspapers may be what they please; but we think it rather hard that our own work, which involves much more original writing, and appeals to a high class of the moral faculties, should not stand on its own ground. If we wished to publish news as well as literature, we would pay our fourpence a sheet of duty, like the rest; but, in the mean time, we wish only to publish literature, and pay no tax, for the very good reason, that no tax has been demanded by the legislature. If we are enabled by this means to sell our sheet at a less price than the newspapers, what is that to them? No tradesman has a right to interfere with the price at which a dealer in another article chooses to sell that article. The general object of traders in large communities is to sell as low as possible, in order to attract the larger number of customers; and in what point of view do we differ in any respect from other commercial dealers?

The general deduction from this controversy cannot, we fear, rebound very much to the credit of the news-sheets. Some of those which exclaim most loudly against the knowledge papers, have hitherto grounded their claims to public favour chiefly upon the energy with which they advocate measures for the advantage of the people. They have loudly demanded the abolition of all taxes on paper and print, in order that paper and print might find its way in larger quantities than heretofore into the hands of the people. Here, at length, have arisen various works by which general knowledge is disseminated among the people to an extent never before imagined; our own work, for itself, finding, at the least computation, two hundred thousand readers, and circulating a great deal more paper yearly than the whole newspaper press of Scotland. Yet, because this knowledge is not diffused through the medium of their own sheets, but in an independent form, they have at once turned from all their former principles, and called as lustily for the suppression of knowledge as if they had a personal interest in the continuation of ignorance. In short, the whole affair seems to resolve itself into this proposition:—these truly liberal intelligencers would willingly see hundreds of thousands of their countrymen deprived of a weekly portion of knowledge and amusement, and the reign of ignorance perpetuated *ad infinitum*, rather than lose one of their own subscribers!

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